Turbine Topics

Vol. 2 No. 4 Issued For and By the Employees of S. Morgan Smith Co. July, 1944

JIMMIE DECKER, left, chairman of Labor-Management Committee, answers Pfc. St. Pierre's plea to . . .

"Keep up the good work."

"The next time a government representative comes to our shop it will be to give us a pat on the back for excellence in production."

"Teamwork Will Do It"

SEE PAGE 2 FOR FEATURE ARTICLE

Teamwork Will Do It . . .

When Jimmie Decker told the government representatives and servicemen present at the production incentive program, June 20, that they could depend on the S. Morgan Smith Company employees for excellent production, he wasn't making any rash promises. He was judging our performance on this toughest of all schedules which is before us by the records we have made on jobs in the past.

The fame of our company for producing superior products is widespread. The reason that we have attained this reputation in the manufacturing world should not be surprising to anyone who has recognized the bond of friendly interest and cooperation which exists between our workers and the management. If a company strives to manufacture superior products during peacetime, this bond is one of the principal factors in its success—When a factory uses its facilities for the production of war material, it likewise assumes great importance. To maintain this strong relationship during normal times is an accomplishment, but to maintain it during the tribulations of war production merits even higher praise. Here in our shop, cooperation between the workers and the managers has been forged into an even stronger link by the Labor-Management Committee, of which Jimmie Decker is the chairman. This group, consisting of selected representatives from all parts of the plant, was organized almost two years ago. It has been instrumental in avoiding any labor conditions that would interfere with production, in developing new methods of work, in coping with salvage problems *and* in increasing production.

So Jimmie, speaking for the committee, and all of us, was just giving those guests a preview of the quality and the quantity of war equipment that will be rolling off our production line during the months to come.

* * *

This program was arranged by the Third Service Command to impress upon our workers the importance of the new Army and Navy jobs that are under way here in our plant—gun mounts for the 8″ rifle (the longest range mobile gun in the world), mounts for the 240 mm. howitzer (which throws the heaviest projectile of any field gun the Army has), shipboard catapults for the Navy, Cordite Presses for the Army Ordnance Department and other confidential prime and sub-contracts.

Three wounded veterans from the European theatre of war were the principal speakers. Accompanying guests were Major Rhudy, U.S.A., who was master of ceremonies; Kenneth Stier, War Department, who arranged the program, and is a hero of World War I, having participated in all five of our major engagements; Richard Cole, of the War Production Board; Ensign N. D. Bonvino, Bureau of Aeronautics' resident representative in our shop; Capt. William Klein and Capt. Lawrence Redmond, of the Ordnance Department. Also present at the program were Lt. Elizabeth Musser and Cpl. Carolyn Musser, of the WACs, who are sisters-in-law. Elizabeth is the recent bride of Lt. Bill Musser, Jr., one of our servicemen stationed in England. Carolyn is his sister, and the daughter of William Musser, Sr., Asst. Secretary and Auditor of the company.

Leading off the speakers was a rough and tough paratrooper from

Listening to reports of the wounded heroes.

Kentucky, Jerry Hogan. Five separate times he was a staff sergeant. Four times he was reduced in rank for engaging in battles that were "not directly with the enemy." The last time he gave up his rank voluntarily when he came over from Italy wounded, so someone else still in battle action could draw his pay. He entered the hospital as a private.

Jerry joined the paratroopers in 1941. After basic training he was shipped to England. On his first combat mission his group was to capture an airport near Oran. Later he moved into Tunisia and soon arrived in Sicily—"Well, I ran into a hornet's nest before I knew it. Eight of us came into contact with about thirty or forty Germans one night. I got too close and got cut in the face a little bit. When morning came what weren't dead were wounded. I happened to be one of the wounded that made it all right. I am the luckiest Irishman in the world."

Although he never saw any of our guns in action, Jerry said, "Just a few hours after this type of weapon had been used, I have seen the after effects and it is really a mean gun, and to be respected. Don't you think the enemy doesn't respect it!"

* * *

Signalman 1/c Casimir Wojowski served on what is known as the "luckiest ship in the world," the troop ship, "Samuel Chase." It was bombed 79 times without a direct hit. Ski was injured during one of the near misses, after being the signalman on that flagship of three invasion fleets. His story—

"As we took our last look at the New York skyline September 26, 1942, none of us realized that it would be a long time before we came back home again. We did some hard training in England. Everyone knew it was for an invasion, but nobody knew where it was going to be. Our day came around November 1, 1942.

"Ski" Wojnowski relates story at mike. Appearing on platform are, left to right: Jimmie Decker, Richard Cole, Kenneth Stier, Jerry Hogan, Major Rhudy, Pfc. Philip St. Pierre, Cpl. Carolyn Musser, B. E. Smith, president of the company, Lt. Elizabeth Musser, Capt. Lawrence Redmond, Capt. William Klein and Ensign N. D. Bonvino.

Our object was a little village called Antea, in Africa, which is about two miles below Algiers in the Mediterranean. Nobody liked the idea very much because in 1942 the Mediterranean was the hot spot. We had three main things to pass without being seen, Gibraltar, Spain and Algiers.

"My ship carried 29 ramp boats. Each boat carries anywhere from 35 to 44 equipped troops. We put 15 over the side and took off for the beach. Up to this time those guys never knew we were there yet. Just a few minutes before we were ready to land, they spotted us and all hell broke loose. Out of the 15 boats, only seven managed to reach shore. Mine was one of the unlucky ones. We had to throw all our equipment overboard and swim in to shore. When we got there we had nothing to fight with. In the meantime those guys were dropping bombs and coming down to strafe us continuously. Out of that invasion fleet, my boat was the only one left. We ran back and forth to Ireland and Scotland to bring back supplies and troops until we established a good beachhead. Then we were told we were going home.

"Instead they gave us the old double cross. We had to train some more troops. After we picked up troops in Ireland and Scotland, we got ready for the next invasion. We had 2800 ships with us when we took off for Sicily. It's a small world. Just today I met Jerry Hogan, who was on our ship that time. After several trips back and forth to Oran and Algiers to bring supplies, we were told we were going home again.

"We got as far as Oran. They said we were going to train more troops. This time on our trip to Ireland we ran into a submarine wolf pack. They hit us with everything they had. In ten minutes we lost four ships, including an aircraft carrier. We picked up 13 survivors and had to return to Gibraltar before completing the trip. After picking up the men we started for Salerno. But our ship was disabled by German diving planes and we had to go back to Algiers. We were happy because we thought we were going to go home.

"Instead we were sent back to Naples to pick up casualties. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. At the same time we arrived a hospital ship came in. That night we

JERRY HOGAN, "rough and tough paratrooper."

had one of the worst air raids I ever saw. The hospital ship was struck and she sank inside of 15 minutes. What gave me the biggest thrill was these small boats making trips back and forth to the shore to bring the wounded aboard ship. Well, all during this air raid these kids wouldn't stop for anything. They dodged bombs just to bring these wounded aboard ship. That shows you the guts these kids over there have and believe me they have plenty.

"At last we got orders to come home. The day we steamed up New York harbor I was the happiest guy in the world. When I saw the Statue of Liberty, I felt like crawling up and shaking hands with the old lady.

"There's one gripe we have on the other side. Too many American people have the impression that the war is over. We have one hell of a fight ahead of us yet. My opinion is the same as these two kids' here. We don't think the war will be over for two years. We have a lot of hard fighting yet. That is where you people come in. This is sort of a team—you make the things we need and we throw them at that guy over there. You must back us up. Thanks for the good work you are doing here. All we of the Army and Navy ask is please don't let us down."

As an infantryman, Pfc. Philip St. Pierre had plenty of action with the heavy machine gun. In seven months overseas he had enough battle action to write a whole library full of books. As Major Rhudy described him, "Wounded more times than you can shake a stick at. Bayonet wounds in Africa, and the German who gave him the bayonet did not live very long to tell it. He had machine gun wounds in Sicily, shrapnel wounds in Italy. St. Pierre received many medals—the good conduct medal, the Veteran of Foreign Wars, and the medal for American Theater of operations, American medal for foreign service (for six major engagements), the Purple Heart with the oak leaf cluster, and the silver star for gallantry in action. You notice he wears just ribbons to represent them because if he wore the medals he couldn't walk. I hope you don't think I am telling his story for him, but I just wanted to tell you some of the things that I know he won't tell you. For example, that silver star. In action in Sicily one time when his outfit was running out of ammunition he went in a jeep across No-Man's Land in the face of enemy fire and his own too. He went behind the enemy line and returned with ammunition to keep his outfit from getting caught."

Pfc. Pierre's first action was at Casablanca. From there he went on through Africa, getting into every battle.

"We were fighting under General Patton, a great man, and we challenged Rommel down there. We thought we were lost, but our commanders outflanked Rommel and knocked him out.

"After that it was Sicily, then Cassino. There the British were supposed to come in on our right flank, but were delayed. We attacked the place with about 300 men. They had about 11,000 Germans there. We really thought we were goners then, but we had a smart general there too. We took the place—we lost a lot of men.

"Then Salerno, the bloodiest battle we won. Following the battle at San Farano, they gave us a little rest for two days. They said it was going to be a rest, but they had some of those little babies that you boys are sitting on out there and as soon as you would fall asleep for about an hour, they would pop off four or five shots so you would raise up about four feet off the ground. We took the rest and made the best of it.

"There were about 90 of us who volunteered to cross the Volterno River. We attacked about eleven German divisions with 90 men, so the engineers could lay a bridge across from the main body of our troops so we wouldn't lose too many men. Out of the 90 men, 85 got killed. The other five, I am one of them, were wounded. I kept on going. There was no time for fooling around, no place to go anyway. I went in, and some German machine gunner opened up on me. He was smarter than I was. He shot me in the guts and I still have two bullets which I carry around for souvenirs. Can't take them out. When they did that I said I would hand in my resignation, lay down for awhile and take a rest . . .

"I have seen these guns of yours in action and parts you are making. If we'd make a beach landing without those guns, we couldn't hold it. They knock off tanks and keep the Germans worried. We are fighting a tough enemy. He is smart. He was fighting since he was four or five years old. He knows everything there is about it. We have to push him and get him on the run. Then keep him on the run. Those boys need that material. Please try to keep up the good work."

Installation of Jordan Dam Replacement Runner . . . Feat of Transportation and Erecting Skill

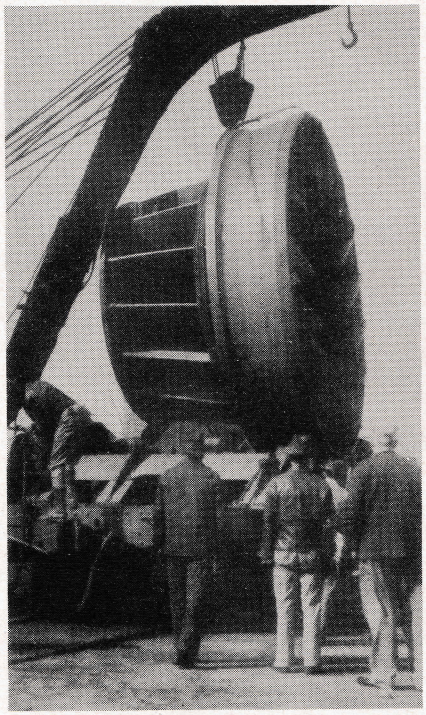
Owing to its great size, the recent replacement of one of the runners for Jordan Dam of the Alabama Power Company was an event of unusual rarity and interest to engineers and technicians of all branches of the hydro-electric industry. To the men on duty at the dam at 1:30 P. M. Saturday, May 30, 1943, it was an experience which they will not forget and which will probably not be repeated in their lifetime.

Presence of trouble was evidenced by the fact that although the turbine was operating, the recording instruments showed that it was not delivering the power it should. A few minutes later noises indicated serious trouble somewhere. The machine was shut down, "un-watered," and an inspection started. It was discovered that some of the vanes or buckets had broken off the runner, which was made of cast iron. The breakage had caused no apparent damage to the shaft or the generator.

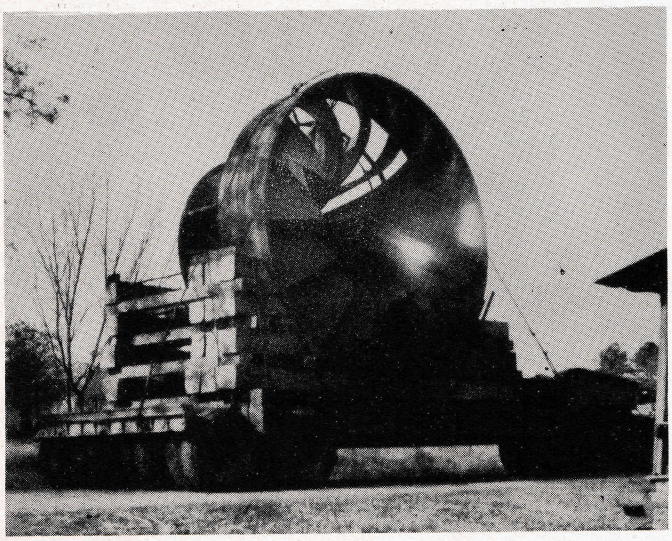
Alabama Power Company officials did not view the loss of this unit with alarm. Since they were entering the dry season when the full river flow can normally be fully utilized by the remaining three units, they asserted there would be no serious effect upon the system's capacity.

There was no hint of sabotage in the failure of the turbine runner, but the company redoubled its efforts to prevent unauthorized persons such as fishermen from approaching the structures on the site from above and below the dam.

An order for the replacement runner was put through and the rough casting arrived in our shop from West Allis, Wis., on December 12, 1942. An inkling of the numerous phases of the Traffic Department's job of special routing of the material due to its great size and weight can be gained after taking a look at its travels. Tunnels, bridges and other overhead obstructions had to be checked for clearance. The rough casting left West Allis on the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific R. R. In Chicago the car was switched to the Erie R. R., which transported it to Youngstown. The lap from Youngstown to Connellsville was made on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R. It arrived in York via the Western Maryland R. R.



Removing runner from freight car.



Runner on special trailer, ready for trip to site of dam.

Turning the runner at the dam.

After machining, the runner was loaded onto one of our special type "cradle cars," and rolled out our doors January 20, 1943, weighing 55 tons, and measuring 16′-5″ in height and 9′ in width. It retraced part of its first journey by being taken to Connellsville by the Western Maryland R. R., and to Youngstown by the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R. The trip from Youngstown to Cincinnati was via the Erie R. R. In Cincinnati the Louisville & Nashville R. R. picked up the car and delivered it to its destination, Deatsville, Alabama.

The trailer on which it was to be hauled after being unloaded from the railroad car was wider than freight car width. This necessitated additional caution in routing and the arrangement for layover at the North Birmingham shops so a cradle could be fastened to the trailer. Three and one-half hours were required to unload the runner from the car.

Transportation to the dam was made without a mishap, because of advance planning and the coordination of the workers. Officers of the State Highway Police helped to prevent traffic accidents. The first mile of the distance from Deatsville to the site of the dam, 14.3 miles, was accomplished in 35 minutes; the entire trip, in three hours.

Going across the dam progress was much slower. In addition to a close side clearance, the weight being hauled was enormous, and as a precaution planks were laid across the top of the dam. They helped to distribute the weight, thus avoiding damage to the iron grills and the roadway. Planks, 3″ x 10″, were used, and laid a distance slightly in excess of the length of the truck and trailer combined. As the load inched forward, the planks left behind were moved to the front. The trip across the dam required 12¾ hours because of the countless difficulties involved.

The runner reached the dam February 1, and was unloaded the same day. After being turned and placed work-wise on top of the dam, it was lowered into the powerhouse, placed on blocks and leveled up. Above it was suspended the shaft, ready to be lowered into the runner when the bore had been expanded sufficiently. This expansion was effected by placing sixteen 500 watt strip heaters inside the runner bore. The entire runner was covered with builders' paper and tarpaulins for five hours. Then the shaft was slipped into place easily and quickly.

In the meantime the water was flowing over the open spillways and holding the tailrace too high to lower the wheel. It was necessary to make a reduction in the load on the other generators, and even then it was possible to hold the tailrace at the desired level for only one hour. This proved to be enough time, and the job was completed. The unit was synchronized with the system at 4:40 P. M. February 13. The workmen completed in 13 days the task for which 60 days had been allotted!

Al Nord (one of the "Old Timers," see page 11) was the man responsible for supervising the setting and adjusting of the hydraulic equipment. Al also was assigned to Jordan Dam when the broken runner was to be taken off the drive shaft. That was one of the toughest jobs the workmen had ever attempted. It is reported that "pushing, pulling, cussing had no effect. Even persuasion and prayer failed." There seemed to be only one way—to break it off the shaft. This was done by drilling a series of holes along one of the cracks, and driving round wedges into the holes. The broken runner, leaving the plant, had as its future a journey to the scrap pile and conversion into fighting material.

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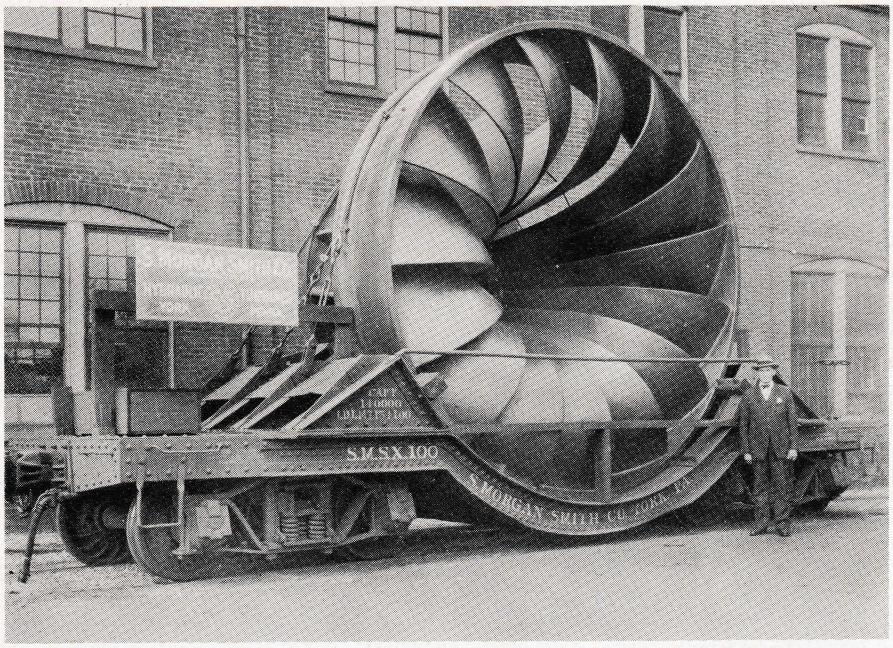
The editors wish to express their gratitude to James S. T. Strayer, Russel Little, Albert Nord, A. G. Smith and Fred Meisenhelder, who aided in the compilation of this article.



129″ RUNNER FOR BELLOWS FALLS, similar to Jordan Dam runner, shown on special "cradle car." This runner was shipped about the same time as the original Jordan Dam job, almost 20 years ago. Jim Strayer, Traffic Manager, appears beside it.

"We Have No Place to Visit or Sights to See"

April 17, New Guinea.

This letter is to thank you people at Smith's for quite a few things I've received lately. First your V note, also the copy of "Turbine Topics" and the Christmas box which I received a bit late but it was in fair condition and I enjoyed it a lot.

We're still hitting hard over here and you have no doubt read about Hollandia and Wewak. You can take it from me, the Jap air force took a beating at those two places.

I can't help but tell you of the fighting spirit of the Australian jungle fighters; most of these men have been in Africa for two years and, after a few days' leave in Australia, were sent to Guinea where they still are fighting. They captured a few prisoners the other day and an Aussie major said they must be slipping. They just don't make a habit of taking prisoners.

I hope to be home soon as I have quite a few missions and feel at times that my luck can't hold.

Well, I want to thank you once again for those things you sent me, because, since we have no places or towns to visit or sights to see, the mail we receive from home is of real importance.

Always,
BOB MEISENHELDER.

P.S. I see you sometimes publish some poems. Here's one I like. It was written by a RCAF pilot who was killed in the battle of Britain.

"Up, up the long delirious burning blue . . .
I've topped the wind-swept heighs with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew,
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."

John Magee.

A.P.O., Miami, Fla., May 7.

It's been quite awhile since I last wrote to you all but after all there isn't anything to write about, except to say again that I have been getting the V notes and "Turbine Topics" and I want to say that I sure do appreciate them both very much. "Turbine Topics" makes me feel as though I know even the workers that have come there since I left, and that sure seems like ages ago.

I am looking forward to having a visit with you sometime, and more to an everyday visit to the timeclock. Seems to me that I've heard of furloughs some time or other but that word seems to be connected only with wishful thinking here.

Everything for me is the same old routine over each day except for an occasional "Week-End in Havana," which is some town. We have fairly good recreational opportunities here on the base, including bowling alleys, at which I am very much an amateur.

Well, thanks again to all the fellows who are responsible for the help you have given all of us in the service, and for now—"Hasta La Vista."

SPURGEON CRONE ("PEE-WEE")

c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, June 1.

Just a card to give you my change of address. Seems like I've rejoined the navy once again. Sure hope it's to stay. I have school for a week or so then it's another ?. Thanks also for the V notes. They've really been a help and I'm not kidding. I also enjoy those "Turbine Topics." I'd have liked to see Bill Enterline in his rôle. I can imagine it was plenty good. Must close for now and I'll write more later.

As always,
BOB BOECKEL

Keesler Field, Miss., May 26.

I was sure glad to hear from you at the shop. I appreciate the V note very much. It will help out a lot. So far they have me drilling a bunch of these recruits. Boy, that is some job, and don't think it isn't. They classified me as a machinist in their tests.

Hope this finds you all well.

Very truly yours,
FRED BOYD

Camp Shelby, Miss., May 21.

Your monthly check arrived, as it always does, in the nick of time. It is hard to express appreciation for the sentiment which lies behind this fine token of friendship. Needless to say, the employees of Smith's are backing the men on the battle front to the best of their ability, which, having worked among them, I know is considerable.

Charlie Jessop visited the shop during his short leave last month from boot training in Bainbridge. It was his first time back since he left the Store Room in March.

The letters written to you every month are good reading material. They tell a story within themselves, and maintain contact with the real soldiers serving overseas where they play for keeps.

I had a lot of fun going through the plant, noting new improvements and joking with everyone.

Hoping you will continue with your good work, I remain,
FRANK W. KINLEY

England, May 12.

At long last I have gotten around to writing that letter. But then a fellow can always find time to write his old friends and acquaintances and, at the same time, thank them all again for their splendid spirit of unselfish generosity. Those V-notes are piling up in some A.P.O. and they surely will come in handy when they start coming through. Tonight received my April issue of "Turbine Topics." It was like a ray of sunshine in the darkness, for I just last night wrote to some of the boys, griping and grousing because I hadn't yet received my coveted copy. Believe me, after waiting for these "Topics" for a long time, they certainly are eagerly looked through and thumbed over when they do finally get to us.

I see by this issue that there are several of my fellow workers over here with me. Incidentally, here's one for the book: While standing at a lunch counter in Woolworth's in ———, who should come swaggering up but Bob Sponsler! What a wartime coincidence! Two men, both former employees and associates at the same shop, meeting in a little dime store (or should I say sixpence?) somewhere in England. Peculiar, indeed,

"Just Bought War Bonds . . . Won Money Shooting Crap"

are the quirks of fate and circumstance. When we had exhausted our reminiscences of S.M.S., we mutually agreed to meet at the shop again in the year of victory, 194–. Let's hope that time may be considerably shortened.

Though not for a moment forsaking my loyalty to my homeland's enchantment, in all fairness I feel it is only right to tell you just how beautiful England can be in the springtime. Though incapable of comparison with the scenes of good old Pennsylvania, there is a humble magnificence in the very sunset here; a quiet beauty in the rustic picturesque dwellings on the manors or estates; and there is a restful quality in the ancient grandeur of forbidding castle towers, durable Roman roads, and high-walled towns and cities. And I think the first Yank is yet to be found who has not been accorded all the hospitality and simple, gracious generosity of a great people; they are ever ready to lend a helping hand, and appreciative of one in return.

Perhaps I may be able to write a more interesting letter at a later date, when things really begin to hum. Until then, lots of luck, success in a sure thing, "Family Night," best wishes to all, and thank you all again sincerely for your generosity in remembering.

One of the boys,
DANE REID

Camp Blanding, Fla., May 14.

I am stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida, and the weather here is more changeable than any place I have ever been. I arrived here May 11 about 8:15 p.m. and it was pouring down rain the best part of that night.

I don't have very much time now because I have to get ready for chow, that would be lunch in civilian life.

There are a few alligators and wild animals still around here, but not too many. Just as soon as I can get some cards of the pretty parts of Florida I will send them to you.

Also give my regards to the boys.

Respectfully yours,
WAYNE KAHLEY

April 9, Richmond, Va.

At last I believe I'll get a letter sent to you, if nothing stops me before I finish. It's been quite some time since I've last written and I've had quite a few long train rides. Your victory checks have been received gladly every month and I can assure you I made good use of them. The "Turbine Topics" keeps me informed of the activities of the shop so I'll know what to expect when I get back.

Since June 21, Rodney Bond has been experiencing the rigors of basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida. After completing his cooperative apprenticeship with the company and receiving his B. S. degree in Mechanical Engineering at Drexel Institute, Rodney became one of our routers. He is the creator of "Bet'cha Doubt It," which you can expect to have that G. I. touch as soon as he has enough time to put his talent to work.

From Sampson I was sent to Henry Ford's Naval Training School at Dearborn, Mich., for an eight weeks' course in Basic Engineering. What good it did us I'll never be able to say, but who's in any position to doubt the Navy? I did like the liberty there though. Detroit was only seven miles away and the women were plentiful and made very good money. It sure is a serviceman's paradise.

On March 15 they packed us up and sent us to the naval training school here at Richmond. Down in the old sunny South, oh yeah! When it shines! It does anything from rain to snow during the week and believe it or not the weekends are really swell. The school is swell. It's a five-week course in Diesel and there's about every kind of Diesel engine you can think of. But the base has no comparison with the one at Dearborn. All we can do on liberty here is go to a movie or walk around

Well, I suppose I would better call it quits for now.

As always,
DICK WOLF.

A.P.O., San Francisco, May 10.

At last I thought I would write to you. Yes, I am getting my V-notes, and thanking every one of you. I received a birthday card from B. Smith and Ray Dietz. I wish you would put it in the "Turbine Topics" that I thank them both. I don't have much to say except that we are now in the jungles and the mosquitoes are very bad, but I am beginning to believe these mosquitoes are like Japs—you can't take them prisoner; you got to kill them. Well, I guess that's about all for this time. Hoping to work with a swell bunch of fellows after the war.

Here's wishing for peace at our price.

An S.M.S. Man,
HOWARD HESS

P.S. I just bought a $150 war bond. Won the money shooting crap.

A.P.O., San Francisco, May 19.

Just a few lines to say hello once again back there and also thanking you for sending me the V notes. That money certainly comes in handy out here and I appreciate it very much.

I think the last time I wrote to you people I was still in those good old United States. Well since then I moved plenty. We arrived overseas a few months ago and so far already we moved twice over here. As for how I like it? Well it isn't too bad. We aren't working too hard but we are usually kept busy all the time. The food we get to eat is quite good and we get all we can eat. It is also quite warm out here and since there is plenty of ocean around us, we get plenty of swimming and spearfishing done. They also have other recreation for us such as soft ball, boxing, basketball, etc. They have movies for us during the evening and they usually show first class pictures here. Some of them are a little old but that doesn't matter.

Well, I don't have any more news of importance to write about so I guess I'll close for now. I'll write more later and let you know how I am making out. So until then best of wishes and thanks once again for the V notes.

As ever,
JOHNNIE DELLINGER

c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, May 31.

I received the last copy of "Turbine Topics" and was glad to receive it as always. I may be going out Bob Meisen-

"I've Had Little Bit of Fun, But Not Much"

helder's way soon. I want to thank you very much for all the money orders I have received since I last wrote or was home.

I am still flying and doing the work for which I am and have been training for so long. I have had a little bit of fun, but not much. Last time I was home I didn't get to see everyone, and didn't have much time. Say hello to all my friends for me till next time.

I was interested in finding out about all the rest of the fellows in the service. At present I am "somewhere in the South Pacific." Tell Bob Meisenhelder to keep his eyes open and he may see me.

I really don't have much more to say. Glad to hear everything is fine with you. I can't complain. Well, I suppose this is all until next time.

CHARLIE RAIFSNIDER, A.R.M. 2/c

Tonopah, Nev., May 18.

I am out here in Nevada, getting pretty rough O.T.O. training. Will be here for at least ten weeks. Sure is funny weather out here. One day it snows, the next it gets pretty hot. I was in Reno, last week. All they seem to do there is gamble. My job on our crew is engineer. Like it a lot so far. The ten men who are in my crew all come from a different state. If you find time, drop me a line.

Tonapah, Nev., June 3.

Sorry for not writing you sooner, but again I'll give you that old alibi, been pretty busy. I received the "Turbine Topics" and also the V note. Sure do appreciate what you all are doing for us fellows. The other fellows think it is wonderful the way S.M.S. helps us boys from the shop out. They said never heard of any shop ever doing as you are doing. But then I say, "Well, I'm from York, Pa., and worked at S.M.S., best shop in the country." Will try to write later. Tell the fellows to drop me a few lines.

JOHN McSHERRY

Camp Livingston, La., May 29.

It has been some time since I wrote and during that time not a month went by that I didn't get my V note and my copy of "Turbine Topics." Both of these were truly appreciated and certainly show the company is behind the "Win the War" program from the start. Of all the men I've met since I'm in and know the variety of trades and concerns they worked for, I have never found any one who has a better program for helping their former employees keep up a high morale. I really think it is swell of all of you.

By this time I really expected to have a boat ride under my belt, but the Army is full of surprises and since things are done in such a grand scale you can't always tell just what will happen and it usually does.

Although we spend quite a bit of our time in the field, we are located in a very nice camp. It is rated one of the better camps in the South and it really is a nice camp.

I'm glad to see S.M.S. is still doing fine and was surprised and proud to hear you had a part in the rubber program. Does Harry Lehr have any hot tips on the coming presidential election? We like rumors here and there usually are quite a few roaming around. We start them just to see how far they go, and build up our own morale. It's fun and an old American pastime, so since you know rumors will come, if you start enough of them, no one will believe any of them. Of course this is bad if they reach any fellow who doesn't know that, and we feel sorry for him and so feel better ourselves.

Enough of this GI talk and a finish to this letter for now. Lots of good luck to all and the best of success to S.M.S.

HARRY ELICKER

Norfolk, Va., May 10.

Received the magazine yesterday. I see you devoted it mostly to servicemen, a very good idea. Also the feature on pumps came in handy as I have to operate a lot of different kinds of them. That sure is some plant at Port Neches, Texas. Maybe they can spare me two tires so I can use my car when and if I am home on leave.

May 23.

Received your V note and it really came in handy as I was broke. Thanks and hope you don't lose track of me in the next few months. Our crew is leaving here for a training cruise and my address will remain the same. I know what ship we are going on, but wouldn't be allowed to tell. We have a hundred men in our crew and a skipper who has been in the Navy 24 years. All our officers are fine and it seems to be a fine crew. So will write you when we get our own ship.

BOB SHEFFER

China, April 25.

Two days ago I received my March V note, your letter and the September issue of "Turbine Topics." Thanks a million. They are one of the greatest "morale builders" a fellow can get overseas. I usually receive the T.T. in about two months time but I don't know what happened to the Sept. issue. It was probably lost or held up some place like a few of my other letters are but they all get here sometime sooner or later.

I am sorry I haven't written more often but I just can't find the time. I never

During his June furlough, Sgt. M. J. Bievenour came in to practice with the band a few times. Here he is at the June 26 practice, playing beside his father, Mike Bievenour, of Dept. A. We're looking forward to "Mike" Jr.'s help in the post-war band.

While home on a four-day emergency furlough, Dick Rauch, MM 3/c, toured the shop, and is shown here with Tom Faircloth in Dept. C. But he missed the big event. His daughter, Rae Ann, was born at 10 P. M., July 2, weighing 7 pounds, 9 ounces. When Dick left York, he was headed for a port of embarkation. No one knows where he is now, but we send our congratulations to him and his wife.

"Haven't Settled Down to 8 or 10 Hours a Day"

know when I will have time to write my next letter. We have been having bad weather lately so I am catching up on some of my correspondence, which is lucky for me, because the more I write, the more mail I receive.

I am doing the same work that I was sent over here for and I like it a lot because it is very interesting. I am packing parachutes, which takes much care and carries a lot of responsibility. I am in a crack outfit here in China. It was formerly the A.V.G. or Flying Tiger outfit and to us that are in it, it is something to be proud of.

We get some entertainment over here which isn't too much. We have movies a couple of times a week. And Paulette Goddard, Keenan Wynn, Bill Gargan and Andy Acario were over here about a month ago to put on a show for us. I came a little late to see Joe E. Brown. We hope to get more like it sometime soon.

There isn't much to say about China. Everything is done just about opposite to the way it seems it should be done. The women work just as hard or harder than the men. It sure is strange, the load a small woman or Chinese girl can carry on her back with the aid of a Yo Yo stick. It's nothing for them to carry close to two hundred pounds any distance.

Well, it's getting late and I have to get up pretty early so I will close. Thanking all the employees for thinking of us boys in the service. Everything is appreciated very much.

Always, RUDY

Fort Jackson, S. C., May 21.

Well, Im still kicking and I'm still in the infantry. You know when I first got into this outfit I thought that I might have landed in the mechanized infantry, if there was any such thing, because we traveled by trucks nearly everywhere. Well, last Monday night I changed my mind. We unexpectedly took one of the longest hikes that I ever was on. It was supposed to be only 25 miles, but I and many other fellows would like to bet it was at least 30. Now don't think that a mere 5 miles doesn't mean anything. You try walking it after completing 25 miles, especially when you are out of condition like all of us A.S.T.P. fellows were. I say "were" because after making the hike, and it had to be finished in 8 hours, I think we are back in condition now. At least, I hope so because we are supposed to do 9 miles in exactly 2 hours and, boy, that is really stepping. Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you, that all these strolls are done with a full field pack on your back and a rifle on your shoulder. Believe me, that's quite a load.

Well, that's enough about walking. I'll try to forget all about it while I can. I hear that you've been having some hot weather. Well, I'll bet that you can't even come close to the high temperatures of South Carolina. And it's not just once in a while that it's hot; it's like old man river—it goes on and on.

Again I want to thank you for the money order. They seem to be like old man river too, and they flow in at the right time. Everybody is usually busted about the end of the month.

Well, I guess I'll close now and get some shut-eye.

So long, BOB KRESSLER

Leland Doll left Dept. C last month to become an Army Air Corps man. He had been working here as a machinist for three years. According to latest reports, Lee has qualified for aerial gunnery training. We wish him luck in his new work.

Camp McCoy, Wis., May 22.

This is the first chance I had to write. This basic training is a honey. You do everything on the double from six in the morning till ten at night. Our union isn't so good out here yet; we haven't settled down to eight or ten hours a day. If we ever do, it will be better than getting money from home.

How are you making out in the bowling league? I hope you came out on top. If Jack Wagaman and Star were here, they sure would take that devil out of them. Just two weeks and you're broke. Leppo should be here to teach the rigging class, but we do it the Army way. Ha, ha. And that's the only way.

Tell the Union I get my checks regularly and sure appreciate them, as you know a soldier is always broke. I also appreciate the book sent by the company. It takes you back home for a few minutes at least just to look at the pictures and brag to the guys that's where you worked. Most of the guys here come from New York and never saw the inside of a shop. I am the only Dutchman here. Do they give it to me, but I sure can give it back. There's no place like good old York. The fellows say there goes Wert again, bragging about that little country town, but it's still tops with me.

Tell Earl and Joe the only beer we get up here is near beer. If they would let me, I would walk back to York for one bottle of Helbs. How about bringing me a case up? If you do, bring a bodyguard along. The guys would mob you. We haven't been allowed to leave camp on pass, so you can imagine the wonderful time we have being tied down here for two months. They march you from 10 to 15 miles. Come in at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and then say roll out at six. Yes, this is the Army, Mr. Jones. But we can take it. (I hope.)

How is little Mary? Does she still keep the guys on the line? Tell Stumpf I said hello. How I would like to hear Wherley, Plowman and the rest of that old quartet sing again. Our lieutenants tell us we may not get a furlough. They may send us right across. They need men bad for depot companies. Does Reever still hide in the valves? Tell him I could sleep right beside him after I come in from one of those hikes. Tell Red Ware if they ever get him in this Army they would change his tune because we're all fighting for the same thing and we're sure going to win. Loucks better get in the Merchant Marines because they put his kind in the infantry and how you lose weight!

I can't think of the rest of the guys' names, but tell them all I wish I could see and talk to them all. Well, here we go again. They just called a detail for something and I am in it so I must say so long. Best of luck to all of you. Thank the Union again for those checks and for the monthly magazine the company sends. I sure appreciate everything.

So long, WALLY (WERT)

P.S. They don't give us much time to write so it may be a while until I write again. If any of you guys care to write, O. K. You know every soldier likes plenty of mail, but he gets very little time to write

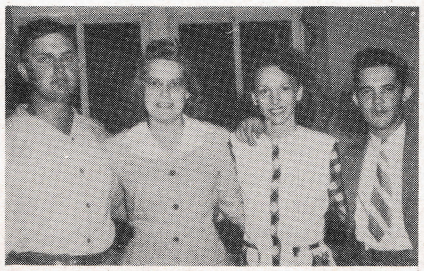
Arrival of Summer Swells List of Activities

After a day of work what would be better than a game of golf, or tennis, horseshoes, mushball, or even a dance? Athletic Association members have been trying all of them.

Appearing on this page are some of the group who danced their cares away at the Outdoor Club June 17.

The tennis players on page 13 finished the evening with Julia Lehr and Claude Brenneman whipping Dorcas Jacobs and John Andrews 6-4, 6-4, 6-4. Eleven men from the shop and office competed in a golf tournament at the Country Club on the afternoon of June 28. After eighteen holes, Charlie Burd was the victor, with Duncan McArthur and William Musser second and third. This time it was Jack Fisch who was given the cotton practice ball. Draw prizes were won by Harold Seitz, Russell Little and Walter Rohrbaugh.

Between dances—Our Marines, Dorothy and Catherine, and friends. At the neighboring table, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Shanabrough and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Firestone.



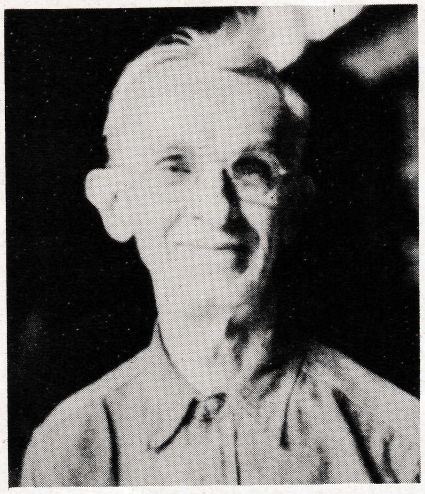
Spot dance winners—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bahn and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Peterson.

Holders of lucky numbers in draw prize contest—Ted Zowski, Mrs. Thorma Pentz, Ethel Peterson, Mrs. Kenneth Shanabrough, Mrs. Philip Smith, Martha Bender, John Myers and Raymond Hershner.

The dance will be one of their memories of life as a civilian to Bob Wolf, Tony Hoffman and Williard Jamison shown here at their table. From left to right: Bob and his fiancée, Elaine Fager, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Fetrow, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Williard Jamison. Bob and Tony are now Marines; Williard, the son of W. T. Jamison, Cost Dept., is in the Navy.

The Weld Shop Table—Somewhere in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Morningstar, Mr. and Mrs. Rush Zeigler, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strine, and Earl Jennings, with some of their friends.

OLD-TIMERS



GEORGE TROUT

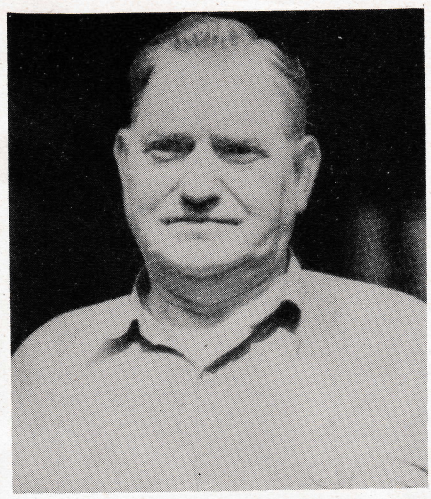
There are countless men around the shop who owe a lot to George Trout. Before the existence of our First Aid room, George was one of the fellows responsible for first aid treatment to our employees. "Doc Mercurochrome" estimates that 3,000 eye cases were taken care of during a five-year period. He is proud of the record that during that time only about 16 cases had to be sent to the doctor each year.

George was born on May 15, 1875, in York County. When he came to this shop in 1905, he worked on the yard gang, the loading gang, in Dept. A, then returned to the loading gang. On May 15, 1911, he began his job in the store room.

Luther Irwin, one of "Doc's" stepsons, is a stockkeeper in our store room. Another stepson is stationed in Camp Hulen, Texas.

Besides being a member of the Fraternal Order of Beavers, S.M.S. Beneficial Association, Independent Order of Mechanics, Federated Freemen of America and the Keystone Lodge, George used to be an I.A.M. trustee and is now its treasurer.

He devotes most of his spare time to his stamp collection. Ask him about that rarity which is valued at more than $3,400.



ALBERT NORD

At the age of twenty, in 1902, Albert Nord left his native country, Sweden, and sailed for the United States. In Sweden he had been working in machine shops and had finished his apprenticeship. Upon arrival here he spent a few months in our machine shop, and later worked in Philadelphia and Baltimore. In 1906 he returned to S.M.S. as a machinist on Floor 3 and 4. His career as an erector was initiated around 1914. Since that time it is estimated that he had worked on more than five hundred jobs.

Al was an important man at the installation of the Alabama runners discussed in this issue.

Some of the smallest and some of the largest units we have produced appear on Al's list of jobs. His special favorite is Chute a Caron in Canada. This job like many of his assignments was for the Aluminum Company of America. Al worked on Fort Peck, the largest earth-filled dam in the world, and San Pedro, one of the highest head installations for our Francis type unit.

We wonder why on some jobs Al has a hand line hanging down in the draft tube. What's on the end of that hand line?

Man of the Month

S. HOMER PETERSON

In September, 1915, S. Homer Peterson started his apprenticeship in the shops of the I. P. Morris Division of the William Cramp & Sons Ship & Engineering Building Company. Two years later he was transferred to the Engine Drafting Room, and in 1923 was promoted to the Estimating Department.

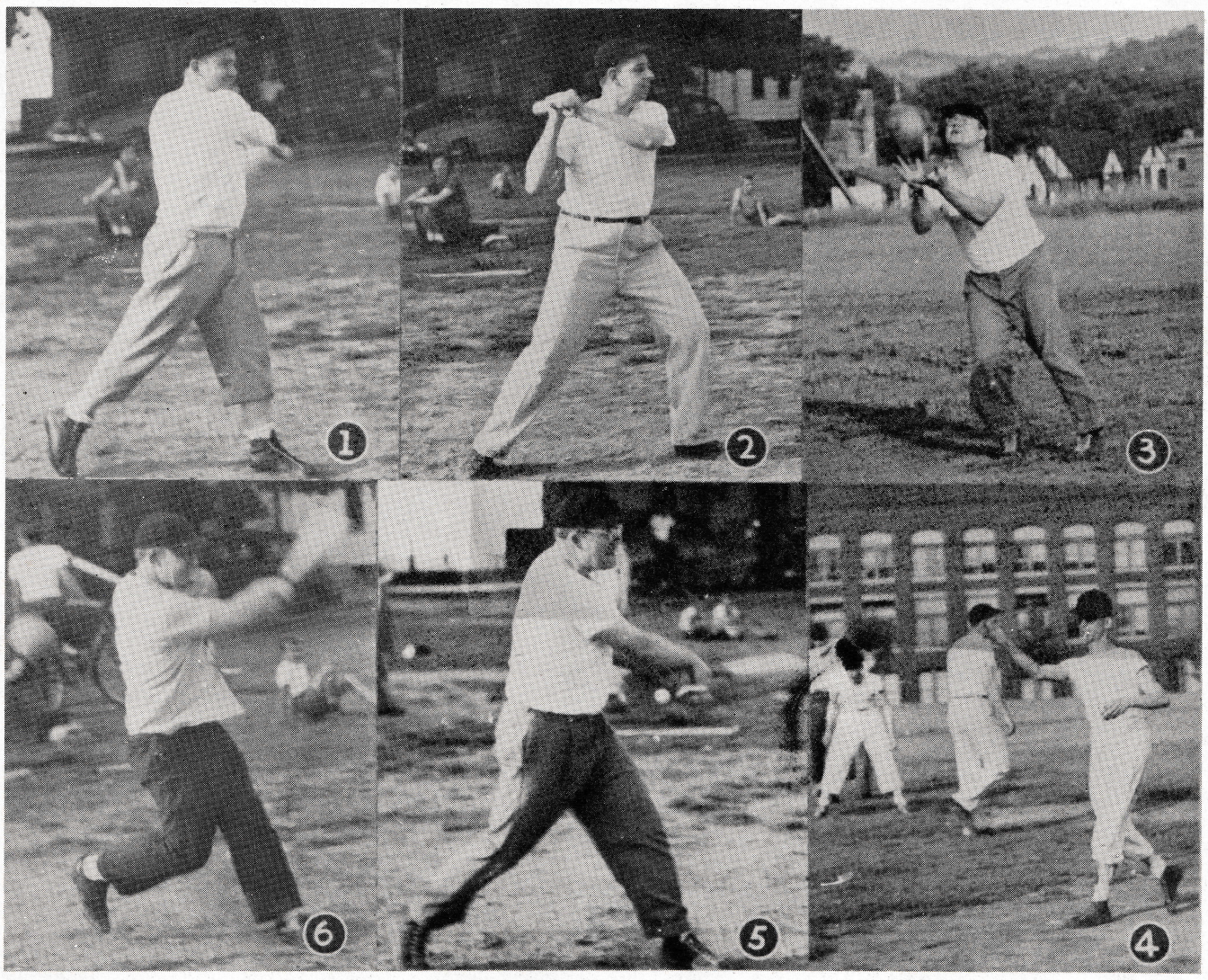
His service with our company as an estimator began on December 23, 1936. After the death of Grant Whisler he was made the Asst. Chief Estimator.

Mr. Peterson was born in Philadelphia on March 10, 1898, and was educated in the Philadelphia public schools, and the Franklin Institute. After five years of night classes, he obtained his Mechanical Engineering degree from Drexel Institute of Technology.

Since his hobby is woodworking, he has been able to create many articles, such as a corner cupboard, coffee table, end table and magazine rack, for use in his home.

Many of us here at S. Morgan Smith have enjoyed weekends and vacations at Mr. Peterson's tourist home and cottage in Ocean City.

His son, Robert, is studying mechanical engineering at Drexel Institute.



1-2—Vern Hoke and Harry Fitzkee at bat.

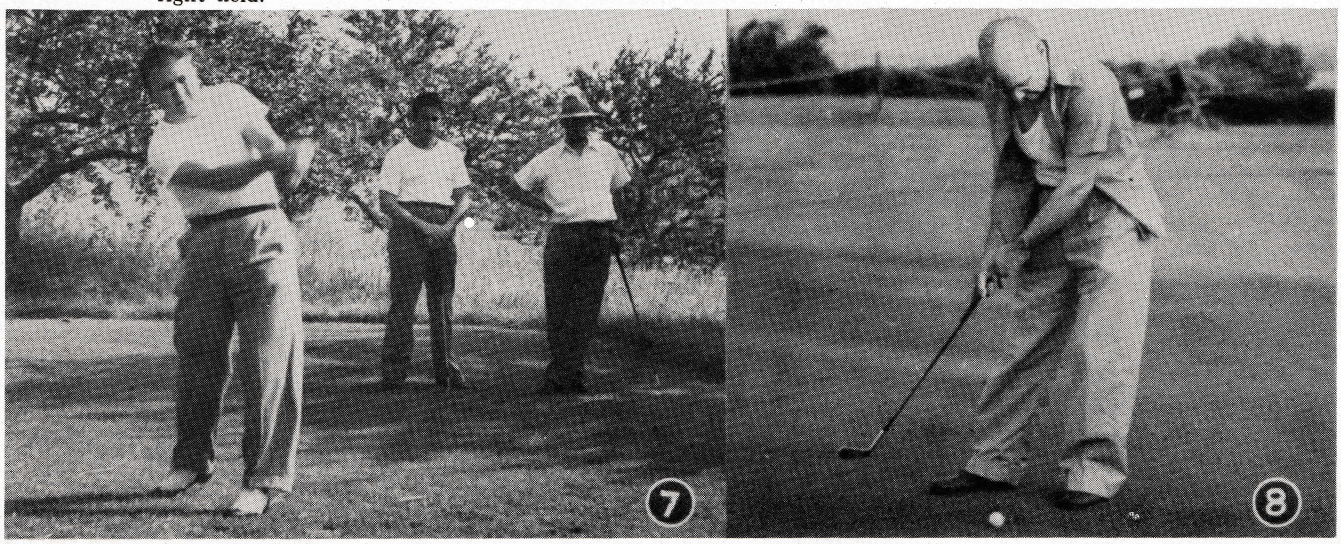
3—Bob Luzier takes care of drive to right field.

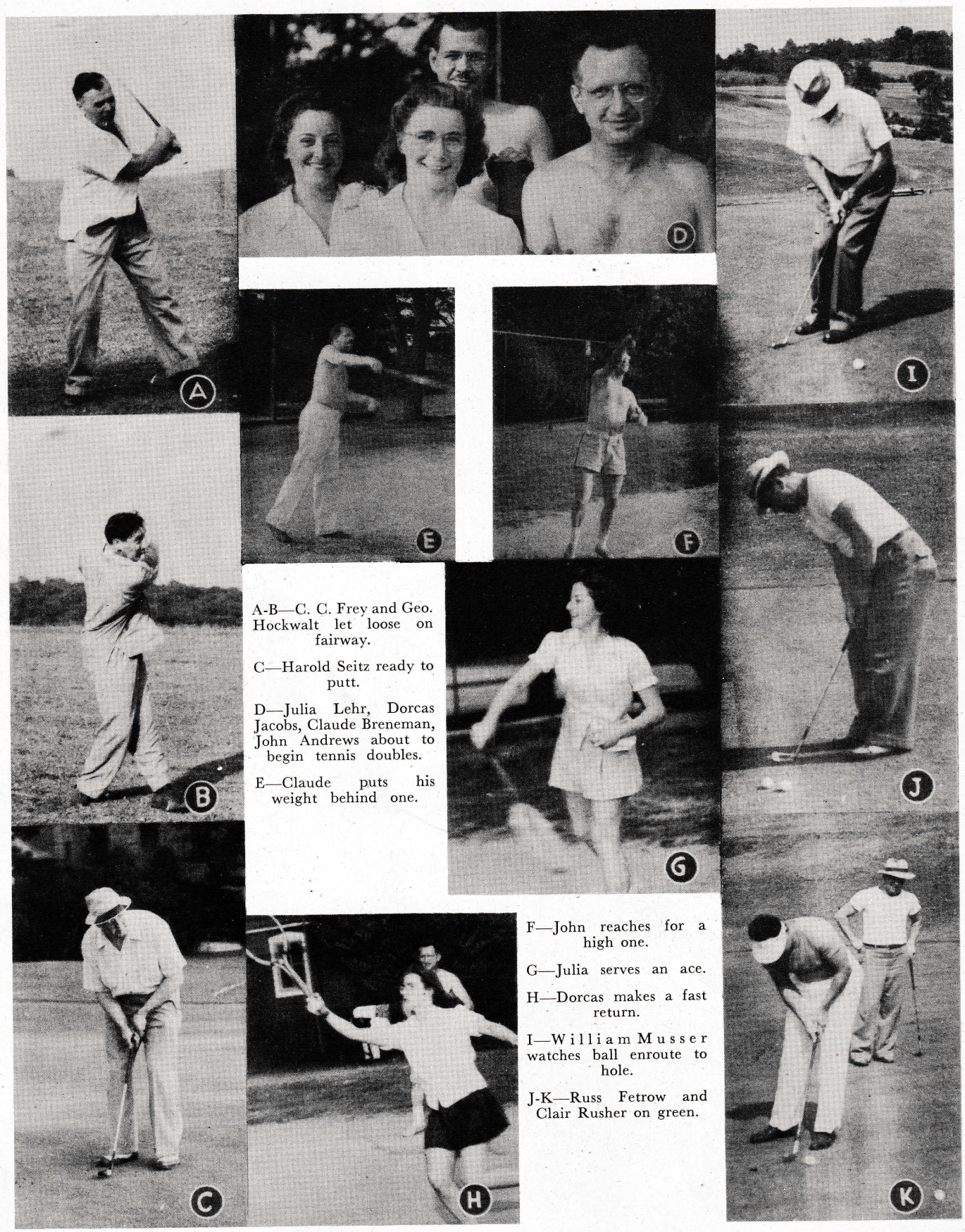
4—George Sprigle, pitcher, in action.

5-6—Albie Gotwalt and Bob Luzier send one to outfield.

7—Walt Rohrbaugh tees off as Duncan McArthur and William Musser watch.

8—H. A. Mayo putting on green.





A-B—C. C. Frey and Geo. Hockwalt let loose on fairway.

C—Harold Seitz ready to putt.

D—Julia Lehr, Dorcas Jacobs, Claude Breneman, John Andrews about to begin tennis doubles.

E—Claude puts his weight behind one.

F—John reaches for a high one.

G—Julia serves an ace.

H—Dorcas makes a fast return.

I—William Musser watches ball enroute to hole.

J-K—Russ Fetrow and Clair Rusher on green.

UP AND DOWN THE AISLE

June was the month for surprise weddings here at S. Morgan Smith. We send our congratulations and best wishes for a happy future to the new Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wagner and Mr. and Mrs. Phil Wecker.

Ruthie Jamison, daughter of W. T. Jamison, Cost Dept., became the bride of Pvt. Ralph Wagner, of Colton, Calif., at 3 P. M. Sunday, June 25. The Rev. D. K. McPherson performed the ceremony in the United Presbyterian Church.

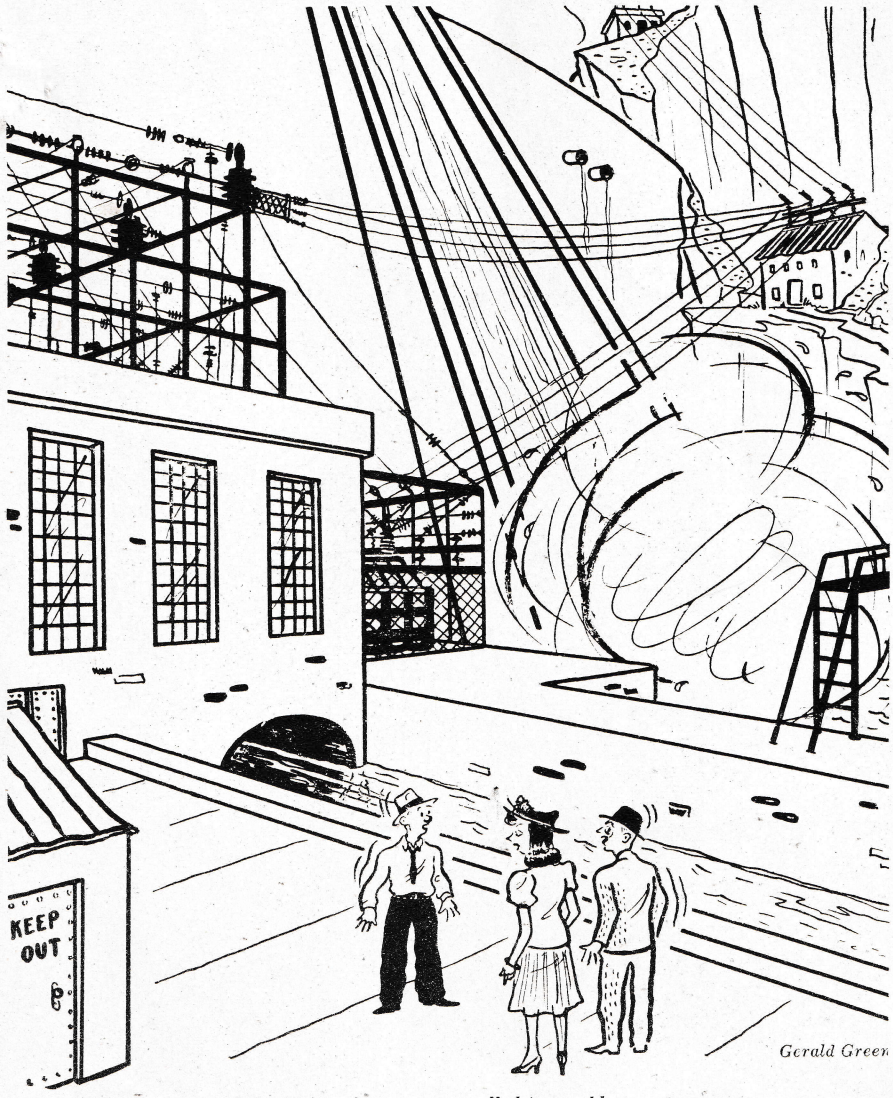
Mrs. Willard Jamison, sister-in-law of the bride, was matron of honor. Pvt. Wagner had as his best man Sgt. Koldron, of Kentucky. Following the ceremony, the newlyweds left for a brief wedding trip.

Mrs. Wagner was graduated from the William Penn Senior high school in 1942 and has been working here as a receptionist. She also has attended the John Powers School of Modeling in New York City. Pvt. Wagner is stationed at Indiantown Gap with the infantry.

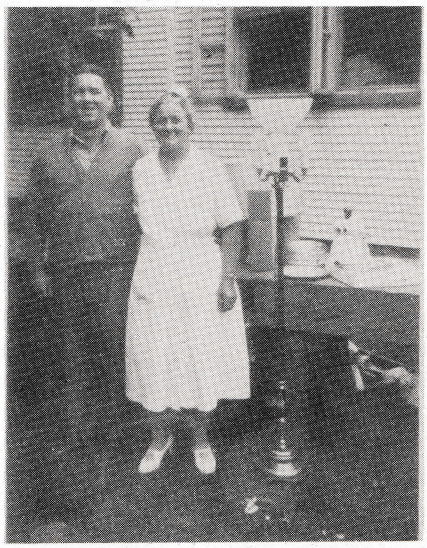
On June 29 Kathryn Diehl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Diehl, Spring Grove, and Philip E. Wecker, son of Mrs. Lulu Wecker, 732 Prospect street, were united in marriage by the Rev. J. M. Fleckenstine in the Trinity Evangelical Church.

Phil has been working here for 8 years. He is now the Chief Clerk in the Production Dept. Mrs. Wecker is a graduate of the York Hospital School of Nursing, class of 1943.

The couple spent their honeymoon in New York City.



"I don't see why you go to all this trouble to get electricity. We just plug into the wall for ours"



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hershey and some of the gifts they received at the celebration of their silver wedding anniversary last month. This picture was not obtainable for publication with the story about the occasion, which appeared in the June "Turbine Topics."

S. Morgan Smith Co.
York, Pa.

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Editors—Raymond A. Dietz, Elmer E. Aughenbaugh, E. Everett Pierce, Jr., Grant H. Voaden.

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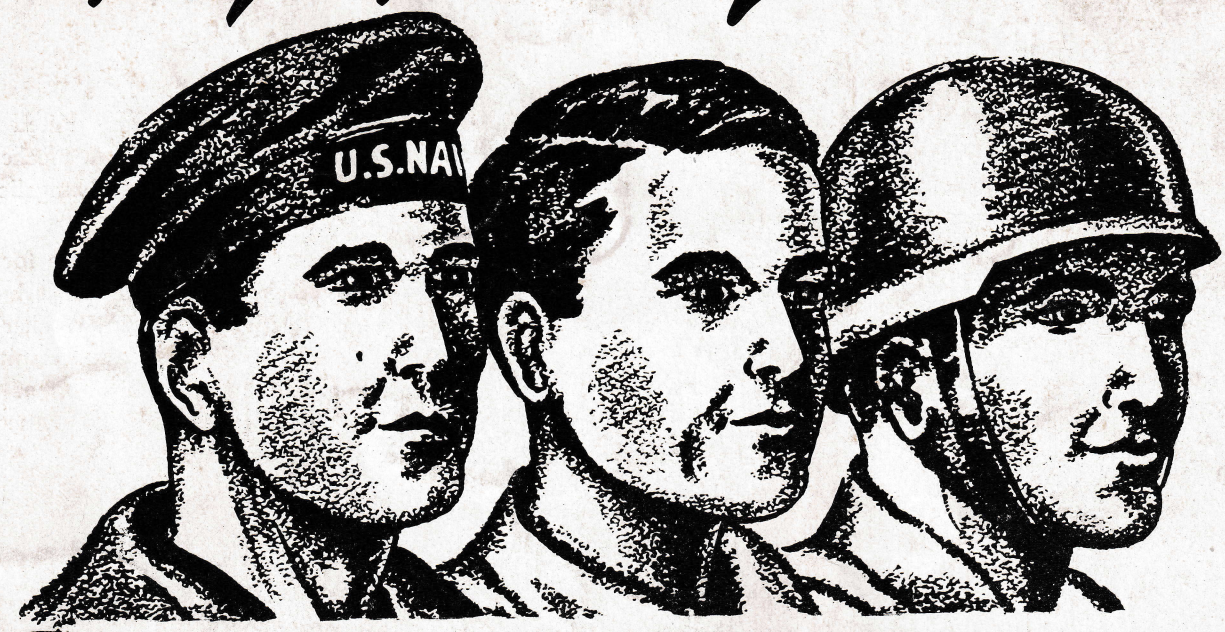
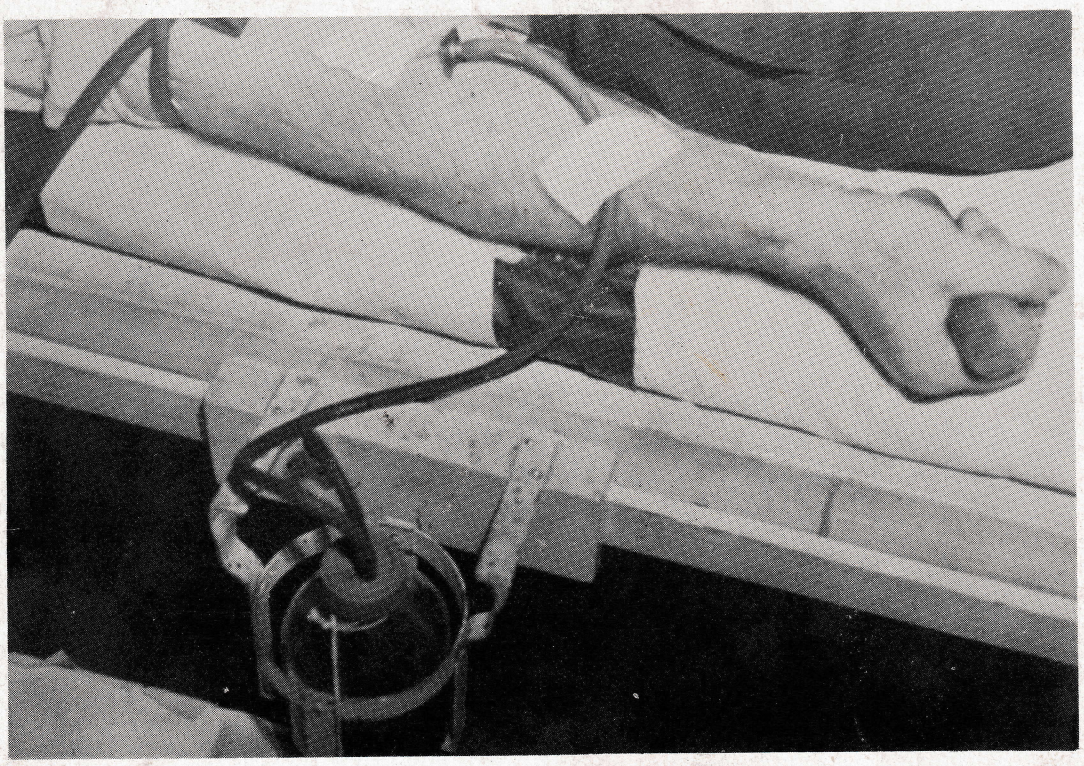
They Thank You . . .





40 GALLONS of blood have been donated by
S. Morgan Smith Company Employees

The blood you give now and then . . .

SAVES THE LIVES OF OUR FIGHTING MEN!